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The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

——*Dies, ni fallor, adeſt, quem ſemper acerbum,*
Semper honoratum; ſic Dii, voluiſtis, habebo. Virg.

From *Saturday June* 3. to *Tueſday June* 6. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 5.

THERE are thoſe among Mankind who can enjoy no Reliſh of their Being, except the World is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think every Thing loſt which paſſes unobſerved; but others find a ſolid Delight in ſtealing by the Crowd, and modelling their Life after ſuch a Manner, as is as much above the Approbation as the Practice of the Vulgar. Life being too ſhort to give Inſtances great enough of true Friendſhip or Good-Will, ſome Sages have thought it pious to preſerve a certain Reverence for the Manes of their deceaſed Friends, and have withdrawn themſelves from the reſt of the World at certain Seaſons, to commemorate in their own Thoughts ſuch of their Acquaintance who have gone before them out of this Life: And indeed, when we are advanced in Years, there is not a more pleaſing Entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy Moment the many we have parted with that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to caſt a melancholy Thought or Two after thoſe with whom, perhaps, we have indulged our ſelves in whole Nights of Mirth and Jollity. With ſuch Inclinations in my Heart I went to my Cloſet Yeſterday in the Evening, and reſolved to be ſorrowful; upon which Occaſion I could not but look with Diſdain upon my ſelf, that tho' all the Reaſons which I had to lament the Loſs of many of my Friends are now as forcible as at the Moment of their Departure, yet did not my Heart ſwell with the ſame Sorrow which I felt at that Time; but I could, without Tears, reflect upon many pleaſing Adventures I have had with ſome who have long been blended with common Earth. Though it is by the Benefit of Nature that Length of Time thus blots out the Violence of Afflictions, yet with Tempers too much given to Pleaſure, it is almoſt neceſſary to revive the old Places of Grief in our Memory, and ponder Step by Step on paſt Life, to lead the Mind into that Sobriety of Thought which poiſes the Heart, and makes it beat with due Time, without being quicken'd with Deſire, or retarded with Deſpair, from its proper and equal Motion. When we wind up a Clock that is out of Order to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately ſet the Hand to the preſent Inſtant, but we make it ſtrike the Round of all its Hours, before it can recover the Regularity of its Time. Such, thought I, ſhall be my Method this Evening: And ſince it is that Day of the Year which I dedicate to the Memory of ſuch in another Life, as I much delighted in when living, an Hour or two ſhall be ſacred to Sorrow and their Memory, while I run over all the melancholy Circumſtances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole Life.

The firſt Senſe of Sorrow I ever knew was upon the Death of my Father, at which Time I was not quite Five Years of Age; but was rather amazed at what all the Houſe meant, than poſſeſſed with a real Underſtanding, why no body was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the Room where his Body lay, and my Mother ſat weeping alone by it. I had my Battledore in my Hand, and fell a beating the Coffin, and calling Papa; for I know not how, I had ſome ſlight Idea that he was locked up there. My Mother catched me in her Arms, and tranſported beyond all Patience of the ſilent Grief ſhe was before in, ſhe almoſt ſmother'd me in her Embrace, and told me, in a Flood of Tears, Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under Ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful Woman, of a noble Spirit, and there was a Dignity in her Grief amidſt all the Wildneſs of her Tranſport, which, methought, ſtruck me with an Inſtinct of Sorrow, which, before I was ſenſible of what it was to grieve, ſeized my very Soul, and has made Pity the Weakneſs of my Heart ever ſince. The Mind in Infancy is, methinks, like the Body in Embrio, and receives Impreſſions ſo forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by Reaſon, as any Mark with which a Child is born is to be taken away by any future Application. Hence it is, that Good-Nature in me is no Merit; but having been ſo frequently overwhelm'd with her Tears, before I knew the Cauſe of any Affliction, or could draw Defences from my own Judgment, I imbibed Commiſeration, Remorſe, and an unmanly Gentleneſs of Mind, which has ſince inſnared me into Ten thouſand Calamities, and from whence I can reap no Advantage, except it be that in ſuch an Humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge my ſelf in the Softneſſes of Humanity, and enjoy that ſweet Anxiety which ariſes from the Memory of paſt Afflictions.

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We that are very old, are better able to remember Things which befel us in our diſtant Youth, than the Paſſages of latter Days: For this Reaſon it is, that the Companions of my ſtrong and vigorous Years preſent themſelves more immediately to me in this Office of Sorrow. Untimely or unhappy Deaths are what we are moſt apt to lament: So little are we able to make it indifferent when a Thing happens, tho' we know it muſt happen. Thus we groan under Life, and bewail thoſe who are relieved from it. Every Object that returns to our Imagination raiſes different Paſſion, according to the Circumſtance of their Departure. Who can have lived in an Army, and in a ſerious Hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable Men that might long have flouriſhed in the Arts of Peace, and not join with the Imprecations of the Fatherleſs and Widow on the Tyrant to whoſe Ambition they fell Sacrifices? But gallant Men, who are cut off by the Sword, move rather our Veneration than our Pity; and we gather Relief enough from their own Contempt of Death to make it no Evil, which was approached with ſo much Chearfulneſs, and attended with ſo much Honour. But when we turn our Thoughts from the great Parts of Life on ſuch Occaſions, and inſtead of lamenting thoſe who ſtood ready to give Death to thoſe from whom they had the Fortune to receive it; I ſay, when we let our Thoughts wander from ſuch noble Objects, and conſider the Havock which is made among the Tender and the Innocent, Pity enters with an unmixed Softneſs, and poſſeſſes all our Souls at once.

Here (were there Words to expreſs ſuch Sentiments with proper Tenderneſs) I ſhould record the Beauty, Innocence, and untimely Death, of the firſt Object my Eyes ever beheld with Love. The beauteous Virgin! How ignorantly did ſhe charm, how carelelly excel? Oh Death! Thou haſt Right to the Bold, to the Ambitious, to the High, and to the Haughty; but why this Cruelty to the Humble, to the Meek, to the Undiſcerning, to the Thoughtleſs? Nor Age, nor Buſineſs, nor Diſtreſs, can eraſe the dear Image from my Imagination. In the ſame Week, I ſaw her dreſſed for a Ball, and in a Shrowd. How ill did the Habit of Death become the pretty Trifler? I ſtill behold the ſmiling Earth---- A large Train of Diſaſters were coming on to my Memory, when my Servant knocked at my Cloſet Door, and interrupted me with a Letter, attended with an Hamper of Wine, of the ſame Sort with that which is to be put to Sale on *Thurſday* next at *Garraway*'s Coffee-houſe. Upon the Receipt of it, I ſent for Three of my Friends. We are ſo intimate, that we can be Company in whatever State of Mind we meet; and can entertain each other, without expecting always to rejoice. The Wine we found to be generous and warming, but with ſuch an Heat as moved us rather to be chearful than frolicklome. It revived the Spirits without firing the Blood. We commended it till Two of the Clock this Morning; and having to Day met a little before Dinner, we found, that tho' we drank Two Bottles a Man, we had much more Reaſon to recollect than forget what had paſſed the Night before.

Advertiſements.

MEn's and Women's Morning-Gowns of Silk, Stuffs, and Callicoes (being the Goods of Perſons that failed) which were to be diſpoſed of at the Olive-Tree and Still, are now to be ſold at the Golden Sugar-Loaf up one Pair of Stairs, over againſt the Horſe at Charing-Croſs; with a freſh Parcel at very low Rates, the Price being ſet on each Gown.

NOtice is hereby given, That 46 Hogſheads and One half of extraordinary French Claret will be put up to Sale at 20 l. per Hogſhead, at Garraway's Coffee-houſe in Exchange-Alley, on Thurſday the 8th Inſtant, at Three in the Afternoon, and to be taſted in a Vault under Meſſieurs Lane and Harriſon's, in Sweething's-Lane, Lombard-ſtreet, from this Day till the Time of Sale. Catalogues may be had at the publick Sale Warehouſe on the N. Part of the Royal Exchange, up the Stairs of Threadneedle-ſtreet Side, at the Place of Sale, and where the Wines are taſted.

*** There is juſt publiſhed, The Circe of Signior Giovanni Battiſta Gelli of the Academy of Florence; conſiſting of Ten Dialogues between Men tranſformed into Beaſts: Giving a lively Repreſentation of the various Paſſions, and many Infelicities of Human Life. Done out of Italian by Mr. Tho. Brown. The Second Edition. Sold by John Morphew near Stationers-Hall. Price 3 s. 6 d.

*** Juſt publiſh'd, Obſervations and Reflexions, Moral and Political, upon ſeveral Subjects; partly reſpecting the Affairs of the preſent Times: Containing, The beſt Argument ever yet produced in Favour of Liberty of Conſcience, and againſt Perſecution; when Toleration is due, and when not; Fatality of the Title of Great; Preſages of the Fall of the French Empire; Source and Inſtruments of the Perſecution in France; Preſent Sentiments of the French Clergy; The Ruin of States involv'd in the Grandeur of their Clergy; Definition of Religion by the Clergy; Authority of a Romiſh Faculty, and Proteſtant Synod, for reſiſting Princes in Caſes of Oppreſſion, &c. Of Peace and War, and the Duty of a Commander; Of the Modern Prophets; Zeno's Virtus reconciled with Epicurus's Voluptas; Ariſtotle's Opinion of the Nature of the Soul obſcure and dangerous, &c. Printed for J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall, and James Woodward in S. Chriſtopher's Church-yard, Threadneedle-ſtreet.

*** This Day, at the Bookſellers Warehouſe in Exeter Change in the Strand, will begin the Sale by Retale of a curious Collection of Books, amongſt which are Baronius Annales, in 12 Vol. Magna Bibliotheca Vet. Patrum, 17 Vol. printed at Paris; Beveridgii Pandect. Canones, 2 Vol. Hickeſii Theſaurus, 2 Vol. Sanſon's Maps by Jaillott, Paris; Grabe's Irenæus; Calvini Opera, in 9 Vol. Amſterdam Edit. Geographia Blaviana, in 11 Tomes. Clarendon's Hiſtory, large Paper, in 3 Vol. Medicæ Artis Principes, Paris. The Popiſh Controverſies, in 30 Vol. Sanſon's Maps, the Firſt Edition, in Latin and French, 2 Vol. Printed at Paris, being the Library of an eminent Divine lately deceaſed. At which Place may be had, Biſhop Beveridge's Works, in 13 Vol. Price 2 l. 17 s. 6 d. and ready Money for any Library or Parcel of Books.

MRs. Croſs, Milliner, in Bridges-ſtreet, Covent-Garden, will draw her Sale of Goods on Thurſday, being the 15th Inſtant, at Mr. Hales's Dancing-School in Hungerford-Market. *** is not quite full.

THis Day continues to be ſold by Retale, at the Houſe of the Deceaſed in Leiceſter-Fields, an Eſcutcheon over the Door, The entire Library of his Excellency Monſieur Leyoncrona, late Envoy Extraordinary from the King of Sweden, conſiſting of the beſt Books in the politeſt Parts of Learning, and particularly Hiſtory, Jus Gentium, and other Subjects ſuitable to his Character and Quality; all nearly bound, and of the beſt Editions.

FOR the Benefit of all Perſons who have the Unhappineſs of a ſtinking Breath: There is left to be ſold at St. Paul's Coffee-houſe the Weſt End of St. Paul's Church-yard, and no where elſe in England, Arcanum Miraculoſum, which like a Miracle makes the worſt of Breaths as ſweet as a ſucking Child's. Price 10 s. with Directions. N. B. One Bottle is ſufficient to make a perfect Cure, or the Money to be returned.

THE famous Cholick Water, well known throughout Great Britain, for its ſpeedy Relief in Caſes of Wind in the Stomach; Wind Cholick, Vapours of both Kinds, Stitches, Pains in the Sides, Vomiting or Looſneſs, and all other Indiſpoſitions and Weakneſs of Stomach and Bowels, immediately digeſting any Thing that offends; is continued to be ſold (as it hath been theſe 10 Years) at Old-mans Coffee-houſe at Charing-croſs, Richard's at Temple-bar, Alice's at the Parliament Houſe, and at Mr. Clark's Stationer in Burchin-lane, at 2 s. 6 d. a Bottle. 'Tis not purging but a rich Cordial, pleaſant to take at any Time.

☞ The moſt Noble Volatile Smelling-Bottle in the World; which ſmell'd to, momentarily fetches the moſt diſmal Fainting or Swooning Fits, and in a Minute removes Fluſhings, Vapours, Dulneſs, Head-Ach, Megrims, &c. It takes off all heavy Sleepineſs, retards Swoonings, keeps up the Spirits to a Miracle; and by its Uſe admits of no Faintings, but invigorates and enlivens the whole Man, recreates and makes chearful, altho never ſo ſad, and in a Moment raiſes all the ſenſitive Faculties. It's alſo to be taken inwardly by Drops, which effectually takes off and eradicates the very Cauſe; for it potently relieves, comforts and ſtrengthens the Brain, creates and corroborates a Stomach, removes Sickneſs from it, helps Digeſtion, cleanſes the Blood; and in a Word, is the greateſt Cephalick, Stomatick, Hepatick, and powerful Aromatick, poſſible: Therefore is extreamly neceſſary for all Gentlemen, Ladies, &c. always to be carried in their Pockets. Is only ſold at Mr. King's, Picture-ſhop, in the Poultry, and at Mr. Overton's at the Golden-Buck, Picture ſhop, againſt St. Dunſtan's Church in Fleet-ſtreet, at 2 s. and 6 d. each, with printed Directions.